VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 16, 1905. NUMBER 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Wings.

When earth's first parents in the legend old,
Had tasted Knowledge and discerned it sweet,
They gave their innocence for freedom bold,
And, singing, to new pathways turned their feet.

Methinks no flaming sword, with point of light,
Now turning this way and now turning that,
Was needed to preserve that gateway bright,
For who would linger where that angel sat!

No Eden past can equal Eden new;
Oh, renegade to God whose will is weak!
Forever overhead Love's skies are blue,
Forever doth the Voice at evening speak.

On Wisdom's pinions endless beauties wait;
And where are wings, what service is a gate?

JAMES H. WEST.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL OFFER
TO NEW FRIENDS

The UNITY would like to visit you regularly for a few weeks for the purpose of cultivating an acquaintance and becoming mutually helpful. The next few issues will mark the advent of several new friends to the pages of UNITY and the inception of some features we feel sure will greatly enhance the value of the pages. We are assured our old friends anf contributors will continue to favor us and have the promise of articles from other leaders in various denominations. To accomplish all our desires we need one thousand new subscribers at once. Will you not, can you not do something for us? *Notice:* We will send UNITY to any new address

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Awaiting prompt favors,

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE,
Cor. Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Ave. CHICAGO.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1905. NUMBER 11

Setting out with hope on thy soul's pilgrimage, unite to thee what hearts thou canst. When thou reachest the sacred presence, bind to thee a true friend; know well that a hundred holy temples of Mecca have not the value of a heart. Leave there thy Kaaba with its holy stone from paradise, and go thou rather to find a heart!

—Omar Khayyam.

The Peace organizations of the country have asked that the seventeenth of December be set aside as Peace Sunday, and Sunday-school superintendents and ministers are asked to shape their programs towards this commendable end.

It is said that the late lamented Hezekiah Butterworth who for twenty-five years was assistant editor of the *Youth's Companion,* had a personal correspondence with boys and girls under seventeen that in 1900 reached a thousand letters a week. Surely he was a minister indeed, although no ecclesiastic hands had set him apart to the service of love and helpfulness.

The friends of peace progress and religious unity, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, won home on the 21st ult. after a significant itinerary in Europe, having attended the Peace Congress at Lucerne and addressed peace meetings at Hamburg, Leipsic, Vienna, the latter meeting having been organized by the Baroness Von Suttner, author of "Ground Arms," which, next to Verestchagin's revealing canvases, is the most powerful of popular protest against the wicked business of killing.

Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, of Lynn, has just rounded out a forty years' ministry in the Unitarian church of that place. What a story is that, connected with the continued, persistent influence of a life devoted to high quests; a personality, such as Mr. Stewart's, that embodied kindness, and helpfulness and radiated sympathy and wisdom continually in one place and among one people, for forty unbroken years! The only incongruous thing in this celebration was that the ministry of Mr. Stewart should seem to come to an end. He can be none other than pastor and minister to this parish until he moves out of this world as well as out of Boston.

Ten deaths already this year from injuries received on the "gridiron" is the report of the Monday papers, with most of the high games yet to be played. Three a week promises to outreach the record of last year, which was thirteen deaths and two hundred and ninety-six injuries. And still public sentiment is probably overwhelmingly in favor of the "noble" game, albeit a few experts suggest some modification, mindful of the fact that to eliminate the danger, the brawn, the avoirdupois, out of the game, is to eliminate the interest. To de-horn the bull and to blunt the spears would render bull-fighting hopelessly tame. Are there not some other ways of creating college spirit and of entertaining the public that are less gory?

Rev. Sidney Strong, of the South Congregational church of Oak Park, said last Sunday morning,—"If I had my way I would erase the name of Congregational, Baptist, Episcopalian, etc., over the door of every church and instead thereof inscribe 'Our Father's house.' The church is the second best thing in the community, the home standing first, and the church is for the single object of offering a home for the heart-sick, the lonely, the sinful, the aspiring. When its atmosphere is charged with human sympathy, kindness and forgiveness, the multitude will be drawn." This is the noble plea for a catholic church, the coming of which must imply the reduction of the number in order to increase the quality of the churches now existing. An apprehension of this truth led recently a noted college president to say, "We have five thousand too many churches in America." When in a recent address the present writer said, "I rejoice when I hear of another church dead, because it encourages the hope that the remaining churches will live more worthily," he was accused of rejoicing in destruction and delighting in negations. The spirit of Mr. Strong's appeal, quoted above, the position of the college president and that taken in the address alluded to are in the interest of construction. They represent the mightiest affirmations of history, the constructive spirit of religion.

When in 1876 the authorities of Philadelphia refused a niche in Independence Hall for the bust of Thomas Paine, the penman of the Revolution, who gave to Washington's army the famous countersign, "These are the times that try men's souls," there was at least a newspaper sensation. A wave of discussion filled with appreciation and condemnation went over the country. Twenty-nine years later the noble bust by the lamented Sidney H. Morse was slipped quietly into its place in Independence Hall. A month later the monument at New Rochelle, N. Y., erected on the farm once owned by Mr. Paine and paid for by the free thinkers of the world, was officially accepted by the city of New Rochelle. Thus slowly but surely do the vindications appear. The wrongs of the day

are righted by the centuries. The most regretable sentence that has ever reached publicty from the pen of the versatile and in the main fearless Roosevelt is the one that characterized Paine as a "filthy little atheist," to which Ingersoll rejoined that "he was neither filthy, little nor an atheist." Mr. Morse's bust is of marble, mounted on a shaft of granite, with a sub-base of Tennessee marble. UNITY is humiliated that it is indebted for these interesting facts to the November number of *Current Literature* two months after belated justice had been done. How much more rapidly do the tidings of evil travel than do the notes of progress, the messages of love! But then the scandals are forgotten, the triumphs of justice remain.

Publicity is certainly the watchword of reform in these days. Ruskin maintained that every wealthy man should carry a glass pocket book. Great business enterprises as well as political movements have won public confidence by concealment and are losing it when the cover is taken off. Amusement as well as insurance has its scandals. *Collier's Weekly* will undoubtedly provoke a storm of indignation and showers of denials and rebuttals, but the series of four articles now in process of publication in which the "unacademic and demoralizing methods which are being applied by the athletic directors, coaches, students, alumni and friends of the six largest Middle-West universities in their mad chase for victory," will doubtless do good. The writer of these articles, Edward S. Jordan, has had his training for the work as editor of the organ of the University of Wisconsin, through the columns of which he did much unpopular but ultimately successful work in elevating the athletics of that institution. The first article, which appeared in the issue of November 11th, is entitled "Buying Football Victories," and concerns itself with the universities of Chicago, Illinois and the Northwestern. That there should appear minor mistakes, unconscious injustice and incidental misstatement of fact is natural, but that the articles in the main are timely and that they will be productive of good we do not doubt. We rejoice in the courage and enterprise of the great metropolitan weekly when it lends its columns to such needed reforms.

The horrible atrocities in Russia that outdo all modern persecutions of the long-suffering Jew, find no parallel this side of the barbarities of the inquisition. This outbreak is as unexpected and at this distance inexplicable as it is infernal. Is it the last dying gasp of the bureaucrats or the wild explosion of those untrained for the measure of democracy they have so long clamored for? This is a question which at this near distance in time and long distance in space it is impossible for us to answer. In any case it is an indignity to civilization and a demand upon the so-called "Christian" world to rise and redeem the name of the religion they boast. This is not simply a problem for the favored Jews to extend sympathy and financial aid to their unfortunate brethren, but it is a time for christendom not only to reinforce that aid in large and generous measure, but to do infinitely more—demand that the powers of the world see to it that all the forces of diplomacy, the strategies of commerce, the exactions of credit and the moral power of the combined churches and states be hastened to the relief of those innocent and too much neglected sufferers. President Roosevelt has received merited honors for his intervention in the interest of peace between Japan and Russia. This intervention was prompt in the eyes of the diplomat, tardy in the eyes of the humanitarian. Here is a case far more urgent, demanding intervention so far as lies in the power of the civilized world to redress the wrong by providing for those bereft of their support by this cruel butchery, and still more by seeing to it that these atrocities cease. If these outrages are "Christian," then let the multitude hasten to disclaim Christianity and say "we will have none of it!"

The Field Secretary of the Congress of Religion.

As already hinted in these columns, the plans projected at the last general session of this body, held in connection with the dedication of Lincoln Centre last May, have culminated in securing the services as Field Secretary of Rev. C. A. Osborne, who for several years was successful pastor of the Congregational church at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and who is still a member of the Congregational fellowship. He has a wide acquaintance with the progressive men who would be drawn to the standards of the Congress. Mr. Osborne is a young man with the thorough academic training of Beloit, Chicago and Yale, and has executive ability.

The money conditions arranged for by the Board of Directors have been met and Mr. Osborne has already entered upon his duties. At this time we will not anticipate plans or details, but will simply add the following letters which will explain themselves.

To the Honored Board of Directors.

Dear Friends: The very kind invitation of Oct. 13 to become the Field Secretary of the Congress has been on my mind and heart very much for some days. I have tried to see the difficulties and problems of the task you set me and to canvass the question of my own fitness for the work. By inheritance and training, in method and spirit, I feet that I have been for some time in full sympathy with every effort to recognize the larger fellowship and to emphasize the great fundamentals of the religion of humanity and the church universal. Both at my ordination and in my subsequent ministry I definitely claimed and granted the individual right to develop one's own creed and follow truth wherever it might lead. I am come now to believe that society is ready to acknowledge both a universal fatherhood and a world wide brotherhood, and to give fealty to the historic measurements of manhood: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I think I do not underestimate the magnitude of the task nor the difficulties of the way. I anticipate some suspicion will be entertained as to my ecclesiastical standing and that I will be accused of many theological crimes, but I am persuaded that my own conscience is clear and that "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." I am a Congregationalist in good standing, and I hope a Christian loyal to my Father, and as such am glad to extend my hand in sincere fellowship to every son of God, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, churchman or liberalist—if so be he will join hands with me that together we may lift our eyes to the Infinite,

pray to the one God of all races, and follow the Light that lighteneth every man.

Assuredly, the task seems too large for me and I have hesitated to put my hands to the plow, but I cannot escape the deep conviction that you have voiced a divine call, nor can I close my eyes to the magnificent vision of a limitless brotherhood larger and diviner than any one denomination can hold: an unfettered fellowship representing the religion of humanity, the loyal children of the living and paternal God. I confess my unfitness for this task you propose, but I greatly desire to have some share in this large work and as long as I am able to keep step with you and have your hearty co-operation and the benefit of your larger wisdom, I shall certainly do the very best I can "to get results." I am especially grateful for the fatherly help and ennobling fellowship of one who was perhaps the earliest inspirer of my boyhood and who is to remain your general secretary and my immediate leader. With his help I trust some definite announcement of plans and ideals can soon be made. Gratefully yours,

CYRUS A. OSBORNE.

Chicago, Nov. 5, 1905.

THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Board of Directors of the Congress of Religion.

Dear Friends: I am glad to announce that Rev. C. A. Osborne has accepted the position of Field Secertary and has already taken prompt hold. He is applying himself at once to the practical question of extending the influence of the Congress and as a means(extending the circulation of UNITY. His headquarters will be at Lincoln Centre, where his desk is already installed. While he will do much that I could not do, on account of my increasing duties, I shall be more than ever interested and in touch with the work. It was assumed that the fifteen hundred dollars which was to cover Mr. Osborne's personal salary was to be promptly provided for by the *special pledges* of the directors, and this is assured at an early date.

This special fund out of the way, the field is open for a strong push all round with Mr. Osborne to increase the regular income of the Congress. The usual outlay for postage, printing, traveling expenses and stenographic work must not be curtailed, but ought to be greatly increased. We of the directory ought to hold ourselves ready to heartily advance the plans that may be perfected by Mr. Osborne in these directions. Personally, to me the field for the Congress and UNITY never seemed so large and so definite as now and the prospects for our occupying the same never seemed so bright. I am so thankful that it was given me to hold on up to this auspicious moment and so grateful that reinforcements have come and that I can look forward to the advancement of the work, independent of and beyond the severe limitations of my own ability.

For all this I want to express my personal thanks to you for the coöperation, forbearance and encouragement I have received at your hands.

Fraternally yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
General Secretary.

Chicago, Nov. 8, 1905.

The Religion of Jesus.

The distinction is seldom sharply enough drawn between the religion *of Jesus himself,* and the religion of the first disciples and of the later church that grew up *about him.* Since all the reports of him that we have were taken down from the lips of his followers, this confusion between his religion and theirs first meets us as we turn the pages of the New Testament. But clearly there is a separation to be made of his point of view, looking out upon the world as he himself saw its perils and its needs, from theirs in which, whatever the picture was, he must stand forth as its central figure.

By the time even the earliest of the gospels was written, the idealizing imagination of his followers had been long enough at work to invest his person with a higher glory than that of our common humanity. Already the spirit voice had spoken out of heaven at his baptism, calling him the well-beloved son; already his miracles of healing were set in the forefront of the gospel story, in order to gain a more reverent hearing for the teaching farther on; already he had stilled the storm and walked upon the waves and ascended the mount of transfiguration and been hailed as the Messiah; although the angels had not yet sung over his birth, or the eternal Word in him become flesh, and not yet for nearly three hundred years was he to be officially proclaimed by the assembled bishops of his church as "very God of very God." Still, throughout the New Testament gospels and epistles that process of deification is already on the way. The very earliest betray its effects as certainly as do the latest. In attempting to define what was the religion of Jesus we have continually to make allowance for the religion of his disciples.

At the outset we are met by the troublesome and practically insoluble problem of the consciousness of Jesus himself. There is depicted in all the gospels, but culminating in that of John, an attitude of self-assertion on his part that seems either to suggest almost the insanity of egotism, or to bespeak an inward assurance that he stood in a relation to God and to humanity wholly peculiar and unique. The fact that this self-assertion becomes more exaggerated the farther the witnesses to it stand away from the immediate circle that in his lifetime surrounded Jesus, suggests the question whether on a close enough approach to his actual person it might not largely or wholly disappear. And the earlier and more authentic gospels afford us grounds for maintaining such a view. Jesus once, when he is addressed as "Good Master," declines being called even good, saying that there is One only who is good, that is God. When those whom he has helped seek him out to thank him, he retires with the request that they say nothing of the work that he has done. When the disciples led by Peter hail him as the Messiah, he forbids them all to use the title as applied to him, and when Peter further opposes his gloomy forebodings of the end of his mission with perhaps glowing anticipations of the Messianic kingdom, Jesus calls him Satan, and tells him that those are the thoughts of men and not of God.

These are only hints, but hints of all the greater significance because they so flatly contradict the main tendency of the writings in which we find them imbedded. They are hints, moreover, that accord with the great bulk of Jesus's own teaching, as it is given in the simple, direct narrative form of the First Three Gospels, though not with the radical transformation of that teaching into a mystical philosophy, which meets us in the Fourth Gospel. The problem of recovering the personal consciousness of Jesus is the problem of recovering his native attitude of mind from the enormous bias of his biographers. The chasm between the author of John, who wrote in the first or second quarter of the second century, and the authors of Matthew, Mark and Luke, whose gospels date from the third or last quarter of the first century, can hardly be greater than the chasm between these earlier writers and the actual mind of Jesus. But since his

mind can be known to us only through the testimony of those about him, there is little hope of our recovering it completely with the help of the records as we have them. It is to be remembered that Jesus was an Oriental teacher of nineteen hundred years ago, and a man almost infinitely superior to any of those to whom he spoke. The wonder is, not that they have given us so imperfect views of him, but that they have given us views so true in many essentials that their own inevitable bias can be detected and allowance made for it from evidence that they themselves unconsciously furnish. We must not overlook the fact that in the special circumstances of the case an amount of self-assertion on the part of Jesus may have been permissible that we should find it hard to reconcile wth true humility in a religious teacher now. I do not mean to suggest a different standard for that age and for our own, but to allow for a difference in the manner of thought and its expression that may be far greater than we suppose.

It must always happen that the personality of such a teacher as Jesus will be closely associated with his views of truth. Those views, we may safely say, would hardly have come down to us at all unless he had so stamped them with the impress of himself. But having once uttered them, they may be detached from his limiting personality without noticeable loss. They have a truth and a force of their own, which we should realize almost as much if we read them in a book for the first time today, as we do knowing that they have been the word of highest life to a third of mankind for nearly two thousand years.

The religion of Jesus, that is to say, is not a religion *about himself*. That is the religion of his disciples. What they have taught the world has chiefly dwelt upon his relative place and rank in the economy of God, upon the honors and titles that should be accorded him in recognition of that rank. What he chiefly spoke about, in those sayings that most transparently reveal his mind, was man's moral and spiritual relation to God, whom he called his Father, and to other men whom he called his Brethren. The question of his Messiahship,—if it arose in his mind, as it must almost certainly have done,—with the related questions of the coming end of that age and the advent of the kingdom of heaven, and the haste to have the word preached throughout the borders of Israel before the change should come;—all that we may account for as the temporal setting of the everlasting and universal truth he had to speak. It was that temporal aspect of his thought, those concrete elements in it that could be used to fix their personal relations to himself, on which the earliest disciples seized, and on which the church has principally spent its strength in further elaboration ever since. The gospel *of Jesus* has been made to be chiefly a gospel *about Jesus*. But in his own authentic teaching, in his characteristic parables and sayings like those in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus is profoundly unconscious of himself, and is thinking only of human souls living with other human souls here in this universe of God.

Is it not the bitter irony of fate that the religion of the teacher who preached a pure spiritual democracy, in which every human soul alike had access to its Father as the child of his unfailing love, should have been twisted into a limited spiritual aristocracy, with himself as the exalted head, and only those allowed to stand about him who described his rank in exactly the proper forms of speech? Yet this has chiefly been the religion that was called Christianity, after him, and it is for the most part the religion called Christianity today. It is not yet the pure and beautiful and reverent, tolerant and inclusive religion of Jesus. It is still the well-meaning, half mistaken, intolerant and exclusive religion about Jesus. All the narrowness and bigotry and pride and caste-spirit against which he flung himself in such passionate resistance, have been piously baptized into his name. The followers of his living spirit have been continually rejected and persecuted for their willful blindness to the deadening letter. This religion about Jesus has so far, even today, in the minds of most people, taken the place of the religion of Jesus that when the representatives of his own faith appear they are denied the right to bear his name and to associate with his professed followers.

It is not to be questioned that error has often served as a useful alloy to make the pure gold of truth available as a circulating medium in the world's market. Or to choose a better figure, error has often served as the tough rind that has preserved the precious seed of truth until such time as the truth could be preserved and propagated for its own sake. The religion about Jesus has never been dissociated altogether, even in the darkest times, from the religion of Jesus. The same Scripture contained them both, and has only waited for the winnowing that should blow away the chaff and husband the grain, of which is the bread of life.

The time for this winnowing has surely come. The only obstacle now to the recognition of Jesus's religion of love and tolerance and mutual service is the remnant of that hate and suspicion and intolerance which has survived through the jealousy of earnest but mistaken men as to the precise terms to be used in properly describing their Lord. Men need to look at religion and at life from the point of view of Jesus himself, and not from the point of view of his ignorant followers only. "If ye love me," he is reported to have said in that strange medley of shallowness and depth which we call the Gospel of John,—"if ye love me ye will keep my commandments." The commandments which he recognized as greatest were two,—love to God and love to man. On these, he said, and not on any definition of himself or any ethical observance, hang all the law and the prophets.

For the followers of the religion about Jesus, the faithful endeavor to observe these two commandments has little or nothing to do with determining one's

standing as a Christian. In the popular phrasing of it, a Christian is one who has acknowledged Jesus to be divine, whatever that may mean. I add *whatever that may mean,* because one can comprehend what it means only by knowing the whole course of Christian theology. To acknowledge Jesus as divine, in this narrower sense, is simply to complete the process of deification that was begun when Peter hailed him as the Messiah and brought forth that stern rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There is, of course, a broad sense in which Jesus is divine and is the world's Messiah. But it is not enough for admission to the religion about Jesus that we should simply acknowledge this. The question is whether that acknowledgment is paramount in our thought; then the emphasis on the two-fold commandment of love may become altogether secondary. To love God and your neighbor, without acknowledging Jesus as divine, is not, in the current definition, to be a Christian. That is "mere morality!" To be a Christian, it seems to be enough that you should rise to your feet and declare publicly that you "love Jesus" in the sense of loving his Messianic titles, while the love to God and to man that he commanded is merely assumed, though often mistakenly, to follow.

I think it is clear enough where Jesus himself would stand on this issue. The texts on which the intolerance of the self-styled Christian churches must stand are not found in his more authentic utterances. They are from second- or third-rate sources. Nothing could be simpler than the religion that he taught, and yet nothing could be more profound in its searching demands upon the individual soul, or more far-reaching in its promise of transformation for the whole of human society. Adopt the life of love, and according to Jesus all other commandments are fulfilled. But such is that life of love, as he developed it by his teachings and example, that to live it is to transcend all the laws and commandments laid upon mankind as much as his life transcended the lives of ordinary adherents to religion around him then or today.

Look for a moment at his characteristic teachings, and see that this is so. When anyone offends or injures me, is it enough, according to Jesus, that I forgive him once only? No; I am to forgive him seven times, and if need be seventy times seven,—that is, my forgiveness is to be as infinite in patience as is love itself. As to personal purity, it is not enough that I refrain from those outward acts that sully the relations of men and women with one another. I must refrain my thought from even taking the direction of desires that if carried into act, except in the purity of marriage, would make these relations other than those of brother and sister or of mother and son. As to marriage and divorce, the attitude of Jesus is not that of a stern repression of all separation and prohibition of other union, which is taught by certain churches in his name. His thought, based on the obligations of love, is rather this;—that while love is there, though one or the other become an outcast or a pollution on the earth, there can be only undying tenderness and unending hope. When love is gone, I think he would say, the punishment of intimate union is not to be endured. As to riches, Jesus was no declaimer against the accumulation of wealth. All wealth, he taught, is to be used for purposes of love. When he saw the young man come to him who had been righteous from his youth up, but self-indulgent, and he saw that the great need of that young man's life was for the birth in him of sympathy, he bade him sell all that he had and give it to the poor. But he made that no universal law for us. As to self-sacrifice, he would have us give to the uttermost, as he did himself, when we can see the need, not counting the cost, but sure that God knows best.

There is about this teaching no dogmatism, no formalism, no insistence on ritual or belief. The religion of Jesus is simply the noblest of all ethics, glorified by a constant sense of the present God. We see in Jesus an idealism so absolute that it almost unfits his highest teaching for fulfillment in this imperfect world, and yet combined with this, when the temporary elements of his thought incident to his being a Jew of the time of Tiberius have dropped away, a perfect balance and sanity of mind. We can never cease going back to test our lives by the touchstone of his brave, calm, loving spirit. No probe goes deeper than his into the elements that make for corruption in personal and civic life today. No touch has more of healing than his, when beyond the hampering interference of his interpreters in the Bible and the later church we finally get back to himself. R. W. B.

A Field of Wheat.

O glorious land! My Western land,
  Outspread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells I stand,
  And cross your sod lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
  Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers, once again.
  The evening splendor floods the plain.
    The cricket's chime
    Makes pauseless rhyme,
    And toward the sun
    The splendid colors ramp and run
    Before the winds' feet
    In the wheat! —*Hamlin Garland.*

A Martineau Year Book.

compiled by Fanny Louise Weaver, of the congregation of Dr. Charles G. Ames, and published by the James H. West Company, Boston, appears just in time for the satisfaction of those who are beginning to think of the approaching holidays and of gift-giving. That Dr. Martineau's style, while simple, is brilliant and alluring, and his thought the most elevating, is doubly made apparent in these carefully selected passages for every day in the year. A year's spiritual life through the medium of this little book will mean a great growth to every reader of it. There are two styles, a handsome one for 75 cents and a special gold gift edition for $1. The fine portrait of Martineau is an attractive addition to the book.

THE PULPIT.

Democracy and Reaction.

A SERMON FROM THE RECENT WORK OF L. T. HOBHOUSE, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES. DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.

Deut. xxxii:15

"Democracy and Reaction" is the title of a book by L. T. Hobhouse, an English economist, published a few months ago. It is one of the most searching books of the year. It is a book of England and for England; the writer had only English problems in mind, but the thoughtful American reader will find our own problems so paralleled, the actions and reactions in American politics so identical, that one has a new and striking revelation of the identity of spirit as well as of interest binding the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic.

Hobhouse is a scholar, a close student of sociology, and he approaches these problems from the academic standpoint, which is the only standpoint from which great statesmanship can come and the only safe ground for the patriot and the philanthropist to occupy. Mr. Hobhouse is a master of his subject; the book is replete with quotations and illustrations. His style is clear, but he who would read it must give his mind to it. It needs close attention because the subject is deep as well as wide, as it appeals to conscience as well as to history. Though it has little to say of religion or morals in general, it is profoundly religious and ethical in its outcome.

The argument of the book, briefly stated, is that the Liberal movement, the democratic enthusiasm, the humanitarian aggressiveness that under the leadership of Richard Cobden in the first half of the nineteenth century repealed the Corn Laws, established free trade, laid the foundations of public education and made international arbitration, the freedom of the colonies and the thought of universal peace almost popular, has suffered a serious reaction in England. Instead of giving independency to its colonies, imperial aggression, territorial invasion, has gone steadily on. Instead of a movement towards peace, militarism has become dominant, education has become more entangled with church restrictions and theological implications; and even free trade itself, the only monument to Cobden's work remaining untouched has been questioned within a year, and there are those high in authority under the necessity of their military extravagance and imperial ambition who would fain revoke it.

Says Mr. Hobhouse: "Free trade to Mr. Cobden was not isolated doctrine, but non-interference, the policy of peace, the reduction of armament, retrenchment of expenditure, popular government at home, self-government for the colonies, were all connected in principle and in practical working."

To the far-seeing eye, to that practical business man, the sagacious statesman who shares with Gladstone pre-eminence in the English statemanship of the nineteenth century, war meant expenditure, colonial subjugation meant expenditure, expenditure involved high taxation, making free trade impossible. On the other hand, free trade diminished the commercial inducements to military aggression and compelled people to look on both sides before plunging into war. And his prophecy proved true. The ever increasing war budget of England, the horrible and wicked waste of treasure as well as of life in the South African and other wars of invasion, has brought England into financial distress which seems almost to justify desperate measures.

To search for the cause and nature of this reaction from democracy to imperialism, from peaceable to warlike measures, from educational to military concern and enthusiasm on the part of the English government is the aim of this book. The problem is stated in the first chapter. In the second chapter is traced the growth of the imperial idea, which in its origin sprang out of the ill-considered enthusiasm of the reformers. With the growth of the humanitarian idea there was a broadening of sympathies and men began to talk of freedom and justice going wherever the British flag went. The arts of peace, the triumphs of industry were promised to follow in the wake of the British guns, and there was a seductive promise of acquiring territory, not for England's sake but for the sake of civilization. Kipling well represents this benignant arrogance in his poem of "The White Man's Burden." Providence, civilization, or something has laid upon him the task of ruling the black and yellow races, of carrying the inferior peoples on his back.

With this dream of benignant imperialism came of course not only a need of but a justification of more battle ships, more cannon and more men to be sacrificed both before and behind the guns.

In chapter three he traces the intellectual reaction that played into the hands, if it was not itself somewhat the product of this imperial movement "what began in the love of empire ended in the lust of empire." Our author says: "The vanity of racial domination ended in a greed for commercial gain."

Alongside of this, men began to be ashamed of the motives actuated by sympathy, a sense of brotherhood, a fellowship with the weak and the unfortunate. "Humanitarianism was dismissed as sentimentality; internationalism yielded to national exclusiveness; the demand for rights was replaced by the demand for efficiency, and England began to preach the gospel of blood and iron." The empire that thirty years ago was anti-slavery throughout is found introducing and protecting servile labor under the British flag. The assumption that the "black and yellow men must pay for their inferiority in meal or in malt" is taken for granted; it is manifest destiny that they should help develop gold mines, advancing thereby, says our author, "the interests of humanity in general and the share-holders in particular." The very triumphs of commercialism made for complacency and the financiers rather than the philosophers or the poets came to the front.

Under these conditions a suburban movement on the part of the prosperous began. The wealthy grew less and less interested in municipal and civic affairs, less responsible for civic degradation, because, says Hobhouse, "Around every great center is a ring of towns to which the men resort only to dine and sleep, while the women have no visible function in life except to marry and discuss marriages. The private life of the suburb is doubtless comfortable and blameless, but politically it becomes a greater burden on the nation that the slum. All these men are inclined to know of social or domestic reform is that it means expense, and their politics are summed up in the simple formula, 'Keep down the rates.'"

This reaction has supplanted the complacent John Bull—"easy going, stout and rather proud of his dullness"—for the man-in-the-street or the man-on-top-of-a-bus, who is hurrying from his home to his office or to a place of amusement. He has no time to think and would not take the trouble to do so if he had time. He is a faithful reflex of the popular sheet and the shouting newsboy. He clips his very speech and his

ideas are slangy. If he goes to college, it is for a learning divorced from its social purpose, destitute of large and generous ideas that is his quest. He finds in an easy-going Darwinism and the biological theories based thereon a justification for the hard hand and the cold heart. His science tells him that the gray matter of the black man's brain is coarser grained; he is therefore doomed to be the son of a bond-woman, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water to the stronger race. Our grandfathers were mistaken; aye, the prophets and the sages and the saints were mistaken when they would call him "brother." They talk of a "blind struggle for existence" and would look for a newer Testament than the New Testament which will teach that might is right; that progress is dependent on conflict, and that the fittest always survive. According to this sociology, it is better to "smite the Amalekite hip and thigh and let the conquering races replenish the earth."

In the fourth chapter, entitled "Evolution and Sociology," our author successfully turns the guns of science upon these smart "scientists" and shows that sociology must take cognizance of a large number of facts and forces which biology has no cognizance of. The philosophy of the crystal does not apply to the philosophy of the cell, and the life of the crayfish cannot interpret the life of the eagle. The law of the jungle is one thing; the law of human society is another. "The breeder of short-horns and the pigeon fancier cannot tell us as much of the conditions of human progress as Gibbon and Mommsen can." "The higher science must not be cramped into the lower one. This, as Comte has well shown, is *Materialism.*" It puts the living on a level with the inanimate, and the higher life with the lower. The volumes written on sociology which take no account of history, ethics, religion, art, or social relations in their actual development, have no consistent standard to measure the progress of which they speak. There comes a time when man is the dominant factor in evolution and mind blossoms into conscience, conscience into love. The antipathies of the tiger must give way to the sympathies of the man, and here "the whole class distinctions of caste, race and nationality," says our author, "are replaced by the conceptions of humanity as a whole; the idea of personal salvation is merged with the conception of social justice, by which personal duty is principally determined."

The lower forms of life propagate at the rate of millions and billions a month. The highest mammals are the slowest breeders, for nature meant that they should give a care not only to their own offspring but for generations unborn. Progress in these higher realms is not conditioned by a blind struggle for survival else the warring tribes in the heart of Africa would progress more rapidly than the more pacific races of the highest developed communities. "Ethical consciousness is a by-product of forces to which in any conflict it must necessarily give precedence." Political justice, the protection of the weak, fellowship with the distant, are scientific requirements which the smart but short-sighted upstart who appeals to science to justify his conceit of race and national impudence, takes no account of.

It would be interesting to analyze and epitomize the subsequent chapters on the "Useful and the Right," the "Ideals of Liberalism," the "Limitations of Democracy," "International Right" and "Liberalism and Socialism," but the limitations of a sermon forbid; and so I must hasten to graft these reflections of my own upon this most rebuking and inspiring book. Rebuking, for in it we see as in a mirror the decadence of our own national ideals, the reaction in America as in England, from the high enthusiasms, the devotion to ideals, the confidence in democracy, the vision of a brotherhood large and growing, reaching across classes and races and places, which characterized the noblest life in the United States in the fifties and sixties as it did in England at about the same time or a little earlier. They were the years of Cobden, Bright and the young Gladstone in politics; the years of Wordsworth, Tennyson and the Brownings in poetry; of Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold, Morley and John Ruskin in literature. In America they were the years of Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln in politics; of Channing and Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit; of Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell in poetry; of George William Curtis, Margaret Fuller, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson in literature and reform.

Where are the successors of these major prophets of the spirit, spokesmen for the ideal, mouthpieces for the right in England or America? Echo answers, Where? What has come in their place? Distrust of the Declaration of Independence; regrets concerning the expansion of suffrage, distrust of further enfranchisement; graft and partisanship rampant in office; militarism far more surprising and humiliating in the United States than in England; for there the logic of monarchy, the traditions of centuries of conquest, the colonial policy ingrained into the history of the nation, would seem to justify the fell invasion, the benignant tyrannies, the nerveless submission to the logic of expediency, the rhetoric of greed and the enthusiasm generated by bass drums, fifes and flags. Here without these precedents the United States found itself in the humilitating toils of an accursed invasion, trying to graft onto the tree of unqualified democracy the words that heretofore were not found in the dictionary of democracy—"conquest," "subjugation," "possessions," "colonies," "dependencies." Our army multiplies its dimensions two, three, four times; and there came a passion for ships of war. All this was accompanied with demoralization of the ballot, a distrust of popular wishes, a magnifying of private enterprise and individual initiative above the sanity, the stability, the integrity of popular governments and home administrations.

The result of this imperialism in our national government is an insidious aristocracy in municipal and educational affairs, like unto that which has brought our English neighbors into humiliation and disgrace. We are caught in a passion for bigness, a lust for millions, a trust in wealth, slavery to party and familiarity with corruption. Mr. Hobhouse's sentence is as true to America as it is to England—"Militarism based on imperialism has eaten up the national resources which should have gone to improve the conditions of the people."

The naval and military expenditures of England in 1895 were in round numbers thirty-five and a half million pounds. In 1904 they had more than doubled. They went into the war for the sake of securing freedom, extending the suffrage, promoting the liberty of trade in South Africa. Mr. Hobhouse contends that not one of these things has been achieved. The Orange Free States have been converted into a land of desolation, "subjugated to a despotism as absolute as that of Russia," is our essayist's phrase. The men are arrested and imprisoned, when necessary without being charged with offense. Servile labor, if not slavery, is introduced. The humanitarian plea for the colored man and his rights is sneered at by the British in Africa and India as it is here in America. Compulsory enlistment in the army is resorted to there. Our army and naval officers are at their wits' ends to know how to secure the necessary recruits and how to reduce the distressing number of deserters from the

army and navy. Last week one of our army officers high in command struck the brilliant and progressive idea that desertions would be lessened by making beer more accessible to the soldier.

The causes for this reaction, which probably is not peculiar in England and America but is traceable throughout the western civilization, like all social forces are subtle, elusive. Mr. Hobhouse has gone into the matter with great penetration, but I cannot follow him here. Perhaps what seem to be causes are themselves but effects, symptoms of the disease. But certainly in America two thngs are palpable: With this distrust of the ideal, this contempt for those who presume that ideals and principles are to be expected in practical politics, or that the men who believe in them and follow them are safe advisers or responsible executors of public trust, "well meaning but deluded youths," was the way a prominent and respectable business man recently characterized those who would carry religious fervor and spiritual consecration into the affairs of the municipality and into the discussion of national questions. With all this has come a greater respect for money power, a more intense lust for big fortunes. I believe that much money is an indispensable element in successful political campaigning even on the right side. "Boodle" and "graft" are words that have come into popular use within the last forty years, they represent disgraces to represent which the old dictionaries were deficient in terms. With this growth of the commercial spirit has come an added power of the partisan; the "boss" is the logical necessity of expediency in politics. If the people are not to be trusted, if democracy is a delusion, then some kind of an autocracy becomes a necessity, and in the absence of non-military aristocracy and the pre-occupation of the commercial aristocracy, the party man who is in politics for the advancement of himself and his followers becomes a necessity.

But let me not spend too much time in diagnosis. One of the worst symptoms of degeneracy in public as in private morals is complacency—stolidity in the presence of wrong; unblushing contentment in the presence of things that ought to tinge the cheek with shame. There are signs that the inevitable swing of the pendulum back towards the ideal has already begun.

Hobhouse thinks that 1903 may prove the beginning of the new era in England. Be that as it may, let us hope that 1905 will mark an end of this humiliating reaction and the beginning again of an era of prophecy in public affairs.

The achievements of last Tuesday in Philadelphia, New York and Ohio make rosy the horizon, as if the sun were touching the beginnings of a new day with glory. If this is to be so, it will be because the atrocities and expensiveness of war become more and more abhorrent. "He delighteth not in the strength of a horse," said the Hebrew sage. Put not your trust in battle ships, is the modern version of the same truth. Not only must the miltary spirit be identified with the reactionary and degrading forces in civilization, but wealth must know its place and recognize its limitations. It must show cause for being, justify its existence, demonstrate its usefulness, not to self but to the community, or else it is a disgrace to the owner, a menace to the state, a curse to the community.

Ah, we need a new baptism of simplicity, a fresh consecration of earnestness, a willingness to go shares with the unlucky, an eagerness to confess our relationship with all men. Says Hobhouse, "Persistence in wrong doing will not set us right."

Not luxury, not comfort, makes a people great or a city noble. The hard bed, the meager diet, and if need be the slow train and the poor street car, accepted for conscience sake and persisted in for the right, all make for nobility. We need a new revelation of the essential soundness of the mass; the ability of the people, common people, all people, to work out their destiny in their own way and to direct their own affairs according to the dictates of their best judgment.

There is no sadder evidence of a collapse of conscience, of a reaction from the ideal, a decadence of virility in any people at any time than of the cynical estimate of the past and a contempt for vision, the vision of the sage, the voice of the prophet, the promise of the bard that we meet in men of affairs, men of business and public trust.

Says our author,—"Cobden in regard to free education and child labor was two generations ahead of his time." And still there were plenty of those in his day on that account alone who pronounced him visionary, impractical, unsound.

Says our author again, "The age of prose is the first period of the age of decay." Where there is no vision the people perish," said a wiser man in Bible days. Again says Hobhouse, "The safeguards of liberty cannot be maintained when one class or nationality is being held in bondage by another." There is nothing sadder than to find men and women vacating the upper chambers of their souls, discounting the inspirations of today by the gradgrind call for usefulness and ease. The faith in ideas, a trust in democracy, a passion for humanity, can be discounted and dismissed only by an egregious mis-reading of the facts of history, a mis-interpreting of the advance already made.

We are told in these days by men skilled in the realm of trade, experts in commerce, that democracy is a failure when it comes to the business test; that the city cannot manage its business affairs; that municipal enterprises are notoriously mismanaged. Here in Chicago they are willing to appeal to home experience to justify an astounding misrepresentation of facts. Chicago not willing to, not capable of transacting its own business? American institutions incompetent to direct commercial enterprises? Who built our bridges? Who graded our streets? Who drained our marshes? Who built the mighty and in the main incomparable system of education with its millions of dollars invested in buildings? Who gave us our water, the libraries, aye, the postoffice, the lighthouse service? The people themselves, represented in their municipal, state and national governments.

When last fall I came to Chicago from my country home I crossed for the last time what is probably the last toll bridge in the state of Wisconsin. Private enterprise giving way to the better service of public enterprise. Spite of all the devotion and the generosity of individuals and private corporations back of the great universities of America, the center of education has already passed into the hands of the great state universities of America. Poor as our public schools are, badly managed as they are, it goes without the saying that, broadly speaking, they are better managed and give better education than the private schools of America which more and more are becoming only valuable experimental stations where new theories are exploited, fresh combinations experimented upon, not always to the advantage of the pupil, or asylums of the incompetent, temporary expediencies for parents who do not quite dare trust their children to the magnificent and unparalleled training that comes to the child who shares with his father and mother a filial love to the kind hand of the government, aye, the maternal breast of the solicitous state.

The city incompetent to transact business? Where

is the city with all its "boodle" and its "bosses" that is comparable in iniquity to the recent revelations of the great private corporations of the United States that are now writhing in the toils of judicial arraignment and public scorn?

Perhaps the most subtle analysis in this subtle book is that which reveals the levity of democracy as at present practiced. The sense of irresponsibility that goes with the average voter. He well says, "No social revolution will come from a people so absorbed in cricket and football." "In old days they hung the leaders of popular movements; now they ask them to dinner—a painless extinction which has proved far more effective."

The statistics of commercial growth and commercial prosperity are the poorest evidence in the world, as history abundantly shows, of moral grandeur, political strength or future fame. I rejoice whenever I hear of another business enterprise, manufacturing industry, moving out of Chicago, seeking the better air and the more open space of the broad Mississippi Valley which invites them. I shudder when I hear of another hundred thousand being added to the population of this great aggregation, which may represent the knotted muscle in the strong arm of the giant of the Mississippi Valley, or it may also represent a carbuncle on the back of the neck of this same giant where all impurities are deposited and festering corruption menaces the life of the giant.

To conclude: I believe that the reaction is temporary, if not already passed; that democracy is still the fundamental hope of humanity—democracy in its most radical fundamental sense, a democracy that recognizes not only the sanctity but the economic value of every unit in the human family. I believe that democracy is committed to the freedom which means a free chance, a "square deal" with every man, woman, race and sect in the world. And I believe that democracy implies an increase of the commonwealth, a subordination of private fortunes to public interests, thereby enhancing the joy of living to all, securing the maximum of the individual in the maximum of the state.

This sentimentalism? poetic rhapsody? ideality? Call it what you will. Heap upon it your diminutives or your sneers. All the same this faith is the child of Israel's prophecy and of Judah's sacrifice. It is the core of the gospel and the circumference of the state. This may be optimism, but the reverse of it is not pessimism, but atheism—a faithless creed that refuses to believe that the world is put together on ethical principles; that the shuttle which weaves the social fabric is morality; that righteousness and service are the essential elements of political economy and the indisputable signs of national greatness.

The Red Sea.

"And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left."—Exodus xiv., 22.

Before, the sea whose waves tossed high
Their gleaming lances to the sky,
That bent to bar the further sight;
Behind, the foe on plain and height,
With sword and banner flashing free,
As did the white spray of the sea.

Then murmurings of dire complaint
From those whose souls and hearts were faint
And bitter speech from those who eyed
By turns the hemming troop and tide.
Yet one thought never of retreat,
But to the sea he turned his feet.

Out, out, far out across the tide
A path was flung, full, fair and wide,
With wondrous walls that surged and rolled
Upon themselves, the way to hold—
And faint hearts with new gladness thrilled;
The foe's triumphant shout was stilled.

Through all the battlings of the years
Men have faced seas of doubts and fears,
While down the way that they had won
The foe, relentless, followed on—
And some, while yet the promise pealed,
Have weakly bent the knee, to yield.

But some there are—great souls and brave—
Who have gone breasting storm and wave,
And who have crossed the sea dryshod
On paths no other feet have trod.
Aye, blind is he who will not say
Red Seas are being cleft today!

—W. D. N., from Sermons in Song in the Chicago Tribune.

In Connection With Tobacco.

I am not going to speak of nicotine, or the society against the abuse of tobacco. This is a different matter, as you shall see. But it is in a fashion concerned with tobacco. Let me hasten to explain.

It was toward the middle of September, on the banks of the Dordogne. The harvest had been gathered in, the grapes were fast growing ripe. Here and there, among the vines burdened with their heavy black clusters, lay fields of tobacco with luxuriant leaves. The tobacco plants, well apart from one another and scrupulously a-row, stretched long regular lines far into the distance.

Near one of these tobacco fields was a peasant apparently absorbed in his work. But he was a good-natured sort of fellow, and willingly gave me a few explanations which I desired of him, without any effect of regarding me as a loafer, although for the moment I was idling and he was hard at work.

He spoke to me of taxes, methods of manufacturing, indirect contributions, and many other things unrelated with the first, as happens when one is chatting. Before leaving him, I asked:

"How does it happen, Monsieur, that the tobacco grown in gardens never has as handsome leaves as this?"

"Ah," said he, "the reason is that in gardens it is allowed to grow freely. It shoots up a tall stalk and the leaves remain comparatively small. We, on the contrary, extirpate the heart of the plant, we prevent its growing upward; the sap then turns back into the leaves and these become magnificent."

Upon this explanation, we separated. But, as I proceeded with my country stroll, the peasant's last words rang persistently in my ears: "We extirpate its heart—and the leaves become magnificent!" Extirpation of the heart! Strange conjunction of words! From one stepping stone of thought to the other, I was led to the consideration of the men who succeed in the world because they have practiced upon themselves the extirpation of the heart. The heart is in many circumstances a troublesome member. Those who have too much of it are hampered by sentiments, scruples, regard for their neighbor. The latter troublesome companion at every point hinders their progress. They grow perhaps in height, in nobility, in inward worth. But what of that? Is it of any use in this world? In order to succeed, to feather his nest, to push himself forward, one must courageously practice upon himself the operation which the peasants practice upon the tobacco plant. That done, all goes capitally—the leaves become magnificent.

Only, when a man has reached that point, is he still worth the cigar he smokes?—*Charles Wagner in the Sunday School Times.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn.

MON.—Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

TUES.—The difference between talents and character is adroitness to keep the old and trodden round, and power and courage to make a new road to new and better goals.

WED.—People wish to be settled: only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.

THURS.—Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be out-generaled, but put him where you will, he stands.

FRI.—St. Augustine described the nature of God as a circle whose centre was everywhere and its cimcumference nowhere.

SAT.—The life of man is a self-evolving circle, which, from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides outwards to new and larger circles, and that without end.

—*From Emerson's Essay on Circles.*

Sage Counsel.

The lion is the best to fight,
He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.

I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or lie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the best to hunt;
He's fleeter than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front,
The hunter is behind.

The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums;
I'd chase the former if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow;
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.

And Polar ice looks very nice
With all the colors of a pris-sum;
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechis-sum.

—*A. T. Quiller-Couch.*

Toys for the Baby.

In the course of his brief but eventful life of seven months and twenty-two days Baby Morenstow had received many gifts. On the very day of his birth Grandfather Morenstow started a bank account for him, and Grandfather Faxon promptly followed with a block of railroad stock. The grandmothers had lavished silver and fine linen upon him. The aunts on both sides had given him so many strings of coral and pins and things that his proud mother almost regretted that her first baby was not a girl. Uncle Jack had promised a pony as soon as his legs lengthened a little.

But, strangely enough, among all this splendor and substance there was not a single plaything—unless Great-Aunt Henrietta's gift, a carved ivory rattle, once the toy of a small royalty, and now almost too precious to be handled by grown-ups, could be regarded as a toy; and when his mother realized this she felt aggrieved.

"Just think," she said to the baby's father one evening, after they had witnessed the nightly miracle of his dropping off to sleep, "just think, the poor little fellow hasn't a single thing to play with! Not even a woolen rabbit."

"It's up to us," the baby's father cheerfully observed.

The very next day Mrs. Morenstow was called to the telephone.

"Yes, it's Jimmy," came over the wire in her husband's voice. "I'm at Kaiser's. Yes, the toyshop. Come down as soon as you can, please. I'll meet you at the door. What for? Why, to help buy things for baby."

Twenty minutes later he met her at Kaiser's door, and firmly grasping her arm, hurried her through the big shop.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed. "See that little Saratoga trunk! It's got a real lock and key, Jimmy!"

"We'll stop on our way back," said he, gently dragging her on.

He stopped at a counter of mechanical toys, and the clerk smiled in unsurprised greeting.

"There!" said Mr. Morenstow. "Do you see that little fire-engine, Ethel, with all that apparatus?"

"Oh! But, Jimmy, it isn't for a baby."

"They begin to play fire—almost right away."

"But not before they can walk!" she said. "When he's bigger, perhaps. By and by——"

"Nonsense, Ethel!" he said. "I was only a little, a *very* little older, when I began to want one."

"Now a rubber doll—" she said, reasonably.

"One of those painted squawkers!" he said, rudely.

"Jimmy, why have you so set your mind on a fire-engine for baby?"

"Well, you see," he said, softly, his boyish face flushing, "as far back as I can remember I always wanted a fire-engine for Christmas—and nobody ever gave me one—and—say, Ethel, did you never want——"

"Yes—awfully!"

Mrs. Morenstow turned to the clerk with sudden decision.

"Will you please send——"

"I'll take it right along!" Morenstow joyously countermanded.

When they were in the street he became thoughtful.

"Ethel!" he said, "what was it that you always wanted?"

"A Saratoga trunk for doll's clothes—like the little one I showed you—and nobody ever——"

"We'll go back and get it."

"Wouldn't it be awfully young and silly?"

But she allowed him to turn her about, faintly protesting the while, and when they left the shop the second time he had two packages instead of one.

The nurse met them at the door.

"Nothink is the matter with 'im," she said, "but Hi want you two to come with me."

Meekly they followed her to baby's crib. There he lay asleep, a rag doll of hideous mien tightly clasped in his arms.

"My niece, with seven of 'er hown, made it for 'im," nurse explained, "colorin' it with 'ome-made dyes. 'E made it a hidol at once, joined to it, and would not be separated."

"O Jimmy," whispered the baby's mother, as they hung over the crib, "I'm so glad he's got what he wanted without waiting years and years!"—*Youth's Companion.*

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The Jordan is the crookedest river known, winding 213 miles in a distance of 60.

The Potomac river is only 500 miles long, and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion.''

Minnesota Unitarian Conference.—The nineteenth annual meeting was held with Unity Congregational Church, Luverne, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 17 and 18. Owing to the distances to be traveled, the attendance of delegates was small, but the hospitality of the friends in Luverne made amends for lack of numbers.

The opening service, on Tuesday evening, was devoted to the memory of Rev. Henry Martyn Simmons, who died in Minneapolis last May after much the longest service ever given by a Unitarian minister in this state. The Conference was welcomed to Luverne by Hon. H. J. Miller, President of the Board of Trustees of Unity Congregational Church, who spoke admirably of the place of a liberal church in the community. A suitable response was made by Prof. A. W. Rankin of Minneapolis, President of the Conference. Rev. Richard W. Boynton of St. Paul spoke at some length of the notable quality of Mr. Simmons' life—of his sincerity and modesty, his courage and gentleness, his early adoption and constant preaching of the Divine immanence and the Divine unity, and of the deep sense of loss abiding in the hearts of Unitarians in Minnesota, with thankfulness that so noble and consecrated a life should have been lived in furtherance of our cause. Briefer but adequate tributes were spoken by Rev. Amandus Norman of Minneapolis, and Rev. W. M. Backus, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago.

On Wednesday morning the business session was held, with the usual interesting reports from the conference officers and the churches of the state. A balance on hand of $156.70 was reported by the treasurer. Conditions throughout the state were found to be encouraging, the greatest advance of the year being the building of the new church at St. Paul. Plans were reported by the secretary for resuming missionary services at New Ulm, and by Rev. E. A. Cantrell of Luverne for giving courses of lectures at Pipestone and Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The noon devotional service was conducted by Rev. W. M. Backus.

The afternoon session was given to an address, ''The New Evangelism,'' by Rev. R. W. Boynton, followed by discussion. The address has already appeared in print in the *Christian Register*. In discussing it, Rev. E. A. Cantrell said that the great problem of today is how men and women working together in the industrialism of the world may get out of things and their use sacramental values. Our need is to prove that we are sons of God by living as the sons of God ought to live. Rev. Amandus Norman and Rev. J. H. Jones of St. Cloud also spoke in the discussion.

The evening session was the closing platform meeting, subject, ''The Larger Fellowship.'' The Conference was disappointed in not hearing an address on the International Council at Geneva by President F. C. Southworth of the Meadville Theological School, who was to have been present as representative of the American Unitarian Association, but was detained by a needed visit to the church in Gimli, Manitoba. Rev. J. H. Jones, speaking of the responsibility of the pews to the pulpit, told in witty terms of the frost that settles over the pulpit in consequence of a vacuum in the pews, and closed with a telling appeal to the people to give the minister the support of their personal presence. Mrs. Robert H. Davis of New York, corresponding secretary of the National Alliance, spoke in her enthusiastic way of the work that women are doing in the churches, describing with great vividness the beginnings of the Postoffice mission and the new Southern circuit work of the Alliance, and incidents connected with the spread of traveling libraries. The closing address, by Rev. W. M. Backus, on ''The Outlook and Uplift of Liberal Religion,'' was a rapid and forceful presentation of the factors that are making for the advance of our gospel in the world. It matters less that we progress as a sect than that our ideals are sure to prevail. Our hold upon the future depends upon the fact that our faith is simple, as the ultimate religion is bound to be. It is easier to worship God than to love man. We seek to change the emphasis in religion by placing it upon the love of man. We seek to create a society in which all the influences that will bring the divine into the face of man shall be brought forward.

The Conference voted its thanks to the Luverne church, and is to hold its next meeting in St. Paul. The officers elected were: President, Mr. E. E. Woodman, St. Paul; Vice President, Mrs. P. N. Gillham, Luverne; Secretary, Rev. R. W. Boynton, St. Paul; Treasurer, Miss Charlotte E. Clarke, St. Cloud; Missionary Committee, Rev. J. H. Jones, St. Cloud, Rev. Amandus Norman, Minneapolis.

Foreign Notes.

(Continued.)

Thursday brought a morning of defeat for the Americans. In the first place Mr. Ginn's proposition of an appeal in each country to some business men of recognized standing to coöperate with the peace movement by creating in addition to the central fund at Berne, a Peace Propaganda Fund to be locally controlled, met with unexpected opposition on the part of certain English socialists, who saw in it another scheme for the subsidizing of education by capital and a consequent estrangement of the working masses from the peace movement. Various changes of phraseology were proposed and, notwithstanding strong speeches in its defense by Edwin D. Mead and Mr. Ginn, the resolution, with the suggested amendments, was ultimately referred to the Berne Bureau.

Still more disappointing to the majority of the American delegation was the fate of the carefully studied resolution introduced by Mr. Ashton Lee, representing the Massachusetts Board of Trade and supported by Mr. Trueblood, Mrs. Mead and others. This was the resolution looking to the neutralization of the well-known trans-Atlantic routes of the passenger and mail service. It was immediately attacked by M. Nattan-Larrier of Paris, supported by Senator Lafontaine of Brussels, on the ground that rendering these great ocean routes secure to trade and commerce would cripple the peace movement by doing away with all motives of self-interest on the part of the capitalists for the prevention of war, and that on the contrary commerce must suffer and even the innocent must starve and die if need be to create a public sentiment against war. This in the line with the reasoning of Andrew and Mrs. Carnegie, who will contribute nothing for the relief of widows and oprhans after a war because ''men must be taught to feel their responsibility.'' When one sees the sleek, comfortable, smiling, well-clothed and eminently prosperous individuals who reason like this one can only wonder if they have ever experienced the horrors of war for themselves or through their loved ones; it is so easy to theorize and to decide that some unknown third parties must suffer for a cause. However this may be, the Massachusetts proposition was lost. To avoid the unpleasantness of defining the issue by a vote on the resolution itself, it was simply killed by voting the previous question. This result seemed the more astonishing because, as already chronicled, the proposal for the neutralization of certain waters at the entrance to the Baltic was passed at an earlier session without opposition.

Thursday afternoon brought the first banquet at the Schweizerhof, where covers were laid for about three hundred and fifty guests. Speeches were made by Messrs. Passy, Lafontaine, Moneta, the Chinese delegate and others. At 4:30 the banquet hall was deserted for a collective visit to the Museum of War and Peace, founded by Von Bloch.

Friday morning the question of the relations between Sweden and Norway which had been long on the program without being reached, was happily disposed of by the receipt of dispatches announcing a peaceful settlement of the questions at issue. Telegrams of felicitation were sent to King Oscar and to the Norwegian cabinet.

Mr. Gaston Moch, an enthusiastic Esperantist, presented a resolution involving certain changes in the standing regulations of the Congress by which Esperant should be recognized as an auxiliary international language that might be used on the platform and likewise in the published proceedings, and spoke eloquently in its support. On motion of Mr. Trueblood, this question which he considered one for specialists and experts not properly in the scope of the Congress, was referred to the Berne Bureau. This summary dismissal of the subject was due to the American vote, the Europeans being much more favorably inclined toward Esperanto.

On motion of Prof. Quidde, a resolution calling attention

to the fact that certain stipulations of the peace of Portsmouth in regard to Manchuria and Korea are in direct violation of principles already enunciated by the Congress in regard to the rights of nations, and must therefore be condemned, was adopted unanimously.

Space fails to tell of the various educational propositions introduced during the sessions and for the most part passed with general approval.

The postponed excursion by boat to the Rütli took place on Friday afternoon. The clouds hung low so that there was no distant view, but it did not rain. The boat-ride offered opportunity for much informal converse and acquaintance, and we were able to mount comfortably to that historic mountain meadow long famed in song and story as the birthplace of the Swiss Republic, where we listened to brief but stirring addresses from Swiss, Belgian, Russian and French orators. The city was reached again at 6:15 and, owing to the amount of still unfinished business, an extra session of the Congress was held immediately at the City Hall. The principal subject considered at this extra session was the relation of working men and especially of organized labor toward the peace movement and the steps to be taken to secure their fuller coöperation with the peace societies in all lands. The principal speaker was a Mr. Appleton of Nottingham, who announced that he occupied the unique position of a delegate representing organized workingmen in England, Calais, Lyon, Rouen and Barcelona. He made an admirable speech in which he advocated an exchange of delegates between peace societies and labor organizations. He warned the former, however, that if they would really accomplish anything they must not be deterred by the suspicion and perhaps misrepresentation their advances would meet with with at first. An international committee, headed by M. Prudhommeau of Nêmes, was appointed to obtain "exact information concerning the conception of peace held by workingmen and to retain those points which are capable of being incorporated in our program." The result of the investigation and the consequent decision to be discussed at the next international Peace Congress.

The closing session Saturday morning was a crowded one and far from unimportant, though many prominent delegates had already departed. Among many minor items of business came up the question of the future of the War and Peace Museum, the present building and site being only granted by the municipality of Lucern and at no small sacrifice for a term of years now nearing its conclusion. An international committee was appointed to raise funds for its permanent installation and reorganization on some other site. Before the morning was over this committee was able to report that the money had already been found, the generous donor being another Pole, Count Gurowski-Detzle, residing at Nice, who would meet all the expense of reinstallation provided he be allowed to do it alone and on condition that it should be made a Museum of Peace and the Horrors of War. Great was the enthusiasm of the Congressists at this announcement and not less the joy of the people of Lucern as the news spread through the town.

The most important subject, which many regretted to see put off to the last hurried session, was suggestions for the second conference at The Hague. These, as presented by the committee after long study and discussion, took the form of a letter to President Roosevelt, and embodied the following points:

1. Limitation of military forces on land and sea and of military and naval budgets.
2. Establishment of an international assembly meeting regularly to deliberate on questions of general interest.
3. Organization of an administrative bureau to make effective the work of the international assembly.
4. Measures for the modification of international law.
5. Obligation of powers to have recourse to the methods of conciliation provided by the convention of July, 1899.
6. Conclusion between all nations represented in the conference of a permanent obligatory arbitration treaty, as general possible, stipulating final recourse to the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

The invitation presented by Mr. Moneta to hold the next Congress at Milan in September, 1906, was accepted. Resolutions of thanks to the various authorities and to the President of the Congress; then the Baroness Von Suttner rose and in her grandly simple way said: "We have voiced our thanks and our compliments to many friends; one thing only let us not forget: God bless our work."

Immediately after the final adjournment a photograph of the Congressists remaining was taken on the steps of St. Levdegar's Church. At 2 o'clock a final banquet was held at the National Hotel, where an anonymous donation of 10,000 francs to the Berne Bureau was a happy final announcement. In the evening the Baroness Von Suttner, Miss Ellen Robinson, M. Emile Arnaud and M. Novicov, addressed a large local audience, interspersed with Congressists at the Löwengarten, a large popular restaurant which was packed to overflowing by the Lucernois, happy over the saving of their museum. A fine Männerchor assisted.

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